Volume LXX CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 7, 1912 Number 10

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1912. NUMBER 10.

## A BALLADE OF STAR DUST

The heavens are open as a scroll
Before the ardent eye of man,
And from celestial pole to pole
One pattern serves the cosmic plan.
We do not know—nor ever can—
Its whence or when, its end or aim,
But this we see, when skies we scan:
The stuff of Cosmos is the same.

Star dust and stars—an endless shoal—
And light-lanes labyrinthian.
The part is image of the whole—
One pattern serves the cosmic plan.
For all resolves as all began—
Dead worlds and quick, and suns aflame;
From Acrux to Aldebran
The stuff of Cosmos is the same.

Somewhere among the worlds that roll
In Night's great glittering caravan,
There sings perchance a kindred soul:
One pattern serves the cosmic plan.
He pipes upon the reeds of Pan
A tune like this, with some such name.
"Ave!" I fling across the span—
"The stuff of Cosmos is the same!"

Hail, fellow of a far-flung clan!
One pattern serves the cosmic plan.
Star dust our end, from dust we came:
The stuff of Cosmos is the same.

—*B. L. T.*

---

Now that the trouble is all over and the cartoonist has done his worst and his best, let us confess that prosperity is not the goal or test of democracy. There is something more lasting than dollars and more helpful than trade; the old fashioned virtues, civic righteousness and a crust is better than corruption with pie and cake in the dinner-pail.

---

The English Church Congress recently convened, if our exchanges are to be trusted, still busied itself with discussing at length the question of faith and miracles. Is it not rather late in the day for our English brethrent to be worrying about miracles? Miracles! while science is so glorifying law, and ennobling life and the conceptions of God and the universe thereby?

---

Already the printed matter reaches our table concerning the Woman's Party. This would be a calamity to be deplored. We have too many parties now in politics. Let us give them the ballot quick so that they may get mixed up with existing parties before they have time to perfect an organization; to go off by themselves and try to play politics in the feminine gender, as they already are doing today in the realm of culture and of charity, to the menace of both culture and charity. We don't want any more "women" parties. The next step in culture and social civics is to de-feminize these activities and to de-masculinize politics.

---

Perhaps none of the Christian denominations have been able to reach out so helpful or so continuous and generous a hand to the war crippled South, both black and white, as the Congregational denomination. At the recent meeting of the American Missionary Association in Buffalo, it was shown that they now count in their fellowship some hundred and fifty colored churches, with ten thousand members. All of these are *post bellum,* and in the main represent the colored people of advanced intelligence. They also report their "Mountain Churches" in the South multiplying and prosperous. They propose as a fitting celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Emancipation Proclamation, the raising of a Million Dollar Endowment Fund, to sustain the educational work of six institutions of the higher learning already established. Most fitting and most commendable!

Surely the correspondent of the *Advance* is right when he said:

> Faith has changed to sight. When Lincoln penned his name to the Emancipation Proclamation in September, 1862, he might have hoped to see within fifty years a black race producing all the types of efficient manhood and womanhood, but he only could have dreamed of seeing white men of the South standing by the side of these colored men and colored women pleading that they be given a higher education and a fair chance to attain to their best. There is a new industrial South, and there is also a new South in human relations. When a leading educator of Louisiana, the grandson of a slave owner, of his own free will, mounts a platform to plead for a Million Dollar Endowment of higher institutions for colored youth, a stream of tendency is uncovered which in time even a Tillman or Dixon will be unable to misrepresent or to pollute.

---

The *Literary Digest* for November 2 contains suggestive maps and diagrams concerning the immigrant races in the United States. In a graphic manner it displays a map of the United States which shows thirteen states in which more than one-half of the population are foreign stock, and these states represent the most progressive, prosperous and, civically speaking, intelligent states in the Union, including such states as New York, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas. The map shows eight states in which there are less than five per cent of foreign stock; and with all respect, they represent the less progressive, more stolid and illiterate states. They are all south of the Ohio River. Equally suggestive is the diagram that gives the statistics of the immigrant races, 1850, 1880 and 1910. At the earlier date there were less

than three million, 1880 seven million, and in 1910 nearly fourteen million. In 1850 the dominant immigrant race was Irish; in 1880 the Germans competed, and in 1910 about forty per cent of the foreign population came from Eastern Europe, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Russia, etc. All of which material is hopeful matter. Let the mills of democracy grind and the product will be hopeful material for citizenship. The ameliorating power already manifested in New York, Minnesota and Wisconsin is yet to be realized in Arkansas, Mississippi and Georgia. Perhaps our Southern states can be brought into line in matters of intelligence, in matters of public schools, good roads and progressive legislation in no way more speedily or successfully than by a strong infiltration of emigrants from over the water. The first generation may be troublesome, but once the English language is mastered and the second generation has passed through the public schools of America, then the danger from class hatred, ecclesiastical bigotry, or undue priestly influences, is gone. Let us bid the emigrant welcome.

---

The Baroness von Suttner is conducting a most inspiring campaign these days in the interest of the great cause of International Peace in and around Chicago. She has been speaking daily, oftentimes more than once, to varied audiences. The woman's clubs come in for a large number of engagements. It is to be regretted that their audiences are too often sex limited, and so she speaks to that fraction of the public least responsible and least efficient on account of their disfranchised condition. But she has not been without opportunity of speaking to men and women. On Tuesday evening, October 29, a large reception was given her under the auspices of the Chicago Peace Society, at the Art Institute, where a throng of representative people of Chicago were permitted to shake hands with her, and the Chicago Peace Society honored itself by conferring upon her a life membership. Last Sunday morning she spoke in the Rev. A. Eugene Bartlett's Church on the West Side. Next Sunday morning she preaches for Mr. Jones at the Abraham Lincoln Centre. On Saturday afternoon she addressed a body of teachers at the Young Men's Christian Association. On Tuesday evening, election night, the Woman's Club of Lawndale showed their sister clubs the better way of doing it. They arranged for an evening meeting, threw open the doors of the largest audience room available and invited in the men. In all her American audiences she will have no hearing more fitting, or a reception more cordial, than that which was granted her last Sunday afternoon by the Federation of Labor, at which an audience of several hundred people rose and greeted her with reverential respect and endorsed her utterances with a rising vote of thanks. Those working men understood her when she said: "We must come to realize that our present modern times have outgrown the system of war and of violence," and they applauded when she suggested: "I hope that the *tools of war* will be laid down and that the workers will *lay down their tools* against the preparation of the implements of war. Instead of the outstretched fist we want the outstretched hand of friendship." A new light seemed to strike those working men when she told them how Keir Hardie, the representative of English labor, allayed the anxieties of the Peace Congress held last year in London, anxiety caused by the war clouds that hung over Germany and England, when the papers were bristling with the war spirit and the war bureaus of both governments were active. "You need not fear war," said the representative of labor. "There will be no war, for the labor unions of Germany and Great Britain have resolved, at their last meeting, that should war be declared they will go on a general strike, and no locomotive wheel or shaft in loom or mill will turn in the presence of such a menace to the legitimate life of working men." That is a suggestion worth while, is it not? When the working men are to be reckoned with war will cease, for it is the obvious scandal of the military that the men who make war are not the men who go to war. If they did the case would be more hopeful. It is the other man's life and the other man's dollars that are so freely offered as sacrifice to the God of War.

---

## The President Elect

UNITY extends its congratulations to the one who by the franchise of the American people last Tuesday was elected President of the United States. He is a man prepared for his work by large experience, much study and an exceptional contact with his fellow men. He is a man who enters upon no untried field. The past is an open book to him, the experiences of nineteen presidents that have preceded him, and is replete with warnings and encouragements. As to the future he can scarcely need any better guide than his own ante-election promises. In many ways and at many times he has outlined a career for the coming president which, if it can only be half realized will make of his administration a memorable one. No prayer more fitting to his lips and none more consonant with the well being of the State than "O Lord, help me to keep my ante-election promises."

The new President is to administer a solid commonwealth. Let him do his worst he cannot damage it very much; let him do his best and he will not reach the average ideals of the American people.

The campaign which closed with his election was one peculiarly qualified to usher in a progressive and aggressive administration. Never since the days of Lincoln has there been such a breaking up of old party

traditions, such a rebuke to party bosses and partisan corruptors. The confessions of old sinners; the exposure of the gigantic sums contributed to political manipulators, not by individuals but by corporations and combines; the shaking off of parasites and tyrants, both in Chicago and at Baltimore; the masterly leadership of such laymen as La Follette among the Republicans and Bryan among the Democrats, all combine to give the new President a more open way, a freer hand, and a severer demand than has been the lot of any President since the great Emancipator from Illinois.

All these forces should help, not only to free the new President from his partisan environments and antecedents, but to free him from himself. Never was there such a chance for a man to "rise on stepping stones of his dead self to better things." There never before has been a campaign so educational as the one just closed. While the American people have been going to school it is reasonable to expect that the successful candidate has been studying and getting his lesson, and that he ought to stand a higher examination in morals, civics and patriotism than he could have achieved at the beginning of the campaign. Now is a chance for him to speak out on subjects about which before he halted, not simply from policy sake, but for want of vision. He could not have seen so clearly what now stands before his mind in full daylight.

For instance, why should he not now set his face promptly and unequivocally against any further demoralization to presidents on account of the itch for a second term. The tyranny of the tradition that carries with it the implication of failure and inefficiency unless a renomination and re-election follow the first term. Now is the time to put the temptation of a second term out of the way forever by a constitutional amendment that will limit the presidential privilege and responsibility to one term, making that term six years, perhaps eight years, so as to make the period of dissipation and intoxication an epidemic of less freuency.

Now is the time for the new President to begin to practice what he has been preaching, the arts of peace; to profit by the science he professes, and to read both the lessons of history and prophecy and begin now the process of disarmament. Great will be the administration that cries a halt on the mad and silly passion for Dreadnoughts. Let the new President's cry be: "No more battleships! No more talk about fortifying the Panama Canal! No more ambition to be a member of the disrupting fraternity of nations who boast of being "Powers" by virtue of the brutal weapons which give them the ability to play the bully in the presence of their comrades, but weapons which leave them all the more timid and cowardly in the presence of their weaker brethren who suffer from invasion and tyranny.

Now is the great chance for the incoming President to further perfect the democracy of the United States, to increase the efficiency and dignity of Congress by democratizing or abolishing altogether the undemocratic Senate, which is a relic of aristocracy. Let him seek to reduce the size, in order to increase the efficiency, of the House of Representatives. Let him seek to confine the courts to their legitimate profession of enforcing, not making, the laws.

There is great opportunity for the President elect to still further develop the fraternity of states. A triennial meeting of the governors of the various states might well be given *quasi* legislative power that would supplant the present illogical Senate, to the extent that any legislation recommended by them would have direct admission to the House without the further delay of being submitted to committees.

Of course the new President now knows, however confusing his judgment may have been at the beginning of the campaign, that women are to be reckoned with, that they are real factors in politics and the sooner they are enfranchised the more coherent will their actions be and the more organic will their power for good become.

But these are suggestions enough for the new President. We close as we begun by bidding him hearty congratulations. We join with the right-minded American people everywhere in pledging him our support on all these lines as we understand them, and still more valuable help by withholding such support if to us he fails to ring true, and to oppose him in all legitimate ways when he seems to be going wrong.

*It does not militate one whit from the sincerity, or what we deem the pertinence of the above editorial, to confess the fact that it was written the day before election, the last hour permitted us by the printer, whose demand for copy is inexorable. Our words are equally applicable to whichever of the three contestants may have proven successful.*

---

Here is a little sermon on Contentment, clipped out of the heart of an editorial in a recent number of *The Christian Life*. It seems well worth reproducing in the pages of Unity:

Contentment is dependent upon direction for its value. Here one very simple test may help us to estimate its quality, and to know whether to cherish or to banish it. Obviously, we should always strive to be contented with the inevitable. Yet it is sad to reflect that probably more than half the discontent in the world is uselessly expended upon things and conditions that cannot possibly be changed. Nerves are shaken, tempers tried, dispositions soured, happiness poisoned, by futile murmurings and unreasonable complaints that lead to no action. Nevertheless, when there is a plain chance for improvement, where active effort is called for, where better things are possible, then contentment ceases to be a virtue and becomes a block on the wheels of progress. To rest content with poverty when industry and frugality can banish it, or with sickness when health may be won, or with ignorance when the means to dispel it are at hand, or with weakness and wickedness when strength and righteousness may take their place—this is to quench all vitality and paralyze the energies which alone can make life worth living.

# THE PULPIT

## DUST — DIRT

A Sermon Preached by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
October 27, 1912
Being the Third Sermon in the Course on
"Elemental Things in the World of Mind and Matter"

Stenographically Reported by Mrs. Annie L. Kelly.

### Prayer

Into Thy silences, O Father, we come. Into the presence of Thy mysteries we stand. Girded round about with a sea of ignorance, Father, we look to Thee and recognize Thy smile in the beauty of Nature, in the power of the world without, in the loves of the human heart, and above all, in the yearning of the human soul for justice.

O Thou Infinite Right, quicken our hearts with holy desire to extend the boundaries of Thy kingdom among men, to curb the wayward will, to subdue the rebellious thought, to overcome the hates of the human heart.

Father, we pray this morning that we may become conscious children of Thine, that our hearts may go out with yearning and love to the toiling millions who stagger under the weight of poverty and sickness; and to the unnumbered millions that are being torn by passion or bleeding through the wounds inflicted by their fellow beings. Hasten the day, O Father, when peace shall reign on earth and all men shall confess Thee as Father, and one another as brothers and sisters, forevermore. Amen.

### Sermon

*"And God formed man out of the dust of the earth."* —Gen. ii:7.

"Out of the dust of the earth!" Who will preach the fitting sermon of dirt, common, plain dirt? I choose the commonest and most repulsive of words.

Our papers teem with the warnings of the experts in regard to dust. If we are to believe our surgeons, death lurks ever where dust is. A gospel that needs wider preaching lies in their warnings and in the revelation that comes to us through the microscope, emphasized by the sad and serious experience of the ages. But this is but one-half of the story. Dust is the near end of the universe; is the last refinement and elaboration of world stuff within our reach. Whatever the stars are made of they are reducible into dust. Whatever glory may stream from the heavens above us, the scientist is ready to demonstrate that the purest blue is a reflection of world dust.

The untutored and irreligious boy finds a pebble on the street, selects it and retains it, because it is about the right size to shy at a dog should one come along. But the educated man picks up the pebble reverently and recognizes it as one of the earliest immigrants to the land on the shores of Lake Michigan. He sees in that polished pebble a traveler that in the milleniums of long ago found its way hither from some spar or splinter of a stratum in Labrador or beyond. It rode hither on the point of a great ice plow, and in the process of the journey it was rounded and polished and fitted for the cabinet of the learned.

Pick up a bit of limestone anywhere, everywhere, and you pick up a mausoleum more venerable than any Egyptian pyramid or Babylonish tomb, for we now know how that bit of limestone was builded out of the dead bodies of living things innumerable, at a time incalculably remote.

The slate on your roof was once made of unattractive, repulsive mud, and can readily be returned to mud again. It represents the grinding of granite strata that passed on its way perhaps through the clay into the mighty retorts of Nature, where, by pressure and heat, it was made into the slate for your roof. The clay that clings to our shoes, that so bothers us in the early spring, is again solid rock ground and restored to its elasticity on its way to the fields—no, on its way through the moss, the grass, the tree, the bird, to the life of man.

The child works out its problems on the blackboard with a bit of chalk, irreverently ignorant of the long and beautiful story which science reveals to us in that sliver of chalk. We now know that it is an animal product of the remains of life largely microscopic—animals that laid their little lives down in the deep, deep sea. Every chalk cliff known to man, every bit of chalk fingered by your children in the schoolroom, was formed in the still silences of the ocean depths; for only there can the ooze be accumulated to be subjected latterly again to pressure and heat and so made into the chalk.

And so the dust which besets us everywhere is anyhow ancient in its pedigree, it reaches back, back, back of floods and volcanoes and earthquakes; back to the fiery mist, the primal condition, whatever it was and whenever it was, out of which worlds were rolled and through which the earth became habitable to man.

In a sense far more profound, I take it, than the writer of Genesis could conceive of, man was "made out of the dust of the earth;" and in a sense more benign and hopeful than the theologian dreamed of, man is a "worm of the dust." A worm that is allied to the sun, a worm that is akin to the stars, a worm that within itself represents an epitome of the marvelous story of life on the globe.

Only some two hundred years ago Lineaus, the great scientist, dared the opinion that there were all of four thousand different species of life on earth, four thousand distinct kinds of animal life, he estimated, living on the globe. Now, at the end of two hundred years, the scientist reverently halts and refuses to speak in terms more definite than millions, and says that the existing species of life on this earth number at least "way up in the millions,"—that is his phrase,—and the number of species that have become extinct in paving the way for life that now is, outnumber far those that are now in evidence on the earth.

My first point, then, is that the dust out of which man was literally made, is cosmic stuff. Whatever it is, it is a part of the measureless universe of which we are but one more expression. The man that God "made out of the dust of the earth" has a most humble, though very ancient origin. And therein lies the first inspired lesson which science brings to us and which I have brought to you in each one of these studies of the fundamentals of life and nature, a lesson of humility. We are small people, we are frail people, we have an humble origin. But what is lost in conceit is gained in confidence and trust, because we thus learn that we are part and parcel of that mighty order that through the throes of creation has brought us this far; and with this magnificent preface to an unfinished story, what cheek will blanch in the presence of the

unrevealed mystery of the future? What heart will fail in facing the great Unknown, being reinforced by such an heroic, marvelous, mysterious story.

So we go out of the ignominious origin of the theologian into the great transmuted life of Nature, and see things common glow into everlasting beauty.

I told you—was it a week ago?—that Emerson said that the most repulsive thing becomes beautiful under an adequate light, and so the refuse of our civilization turns out in the last synthesis of the scientist to be the hope of civilization. The industrial world has learned to make its profits out of the by-products of the business; but civilization has not yet learned to utilize the products of life. We were wont, in my days on the farm, to carefully house the corn stripped of its husk, leaving the husk out on the stalks in the field, much of it to remain a perplexity for the next spring plowing, a something to be got rid of. But now it is realized that the feeding power of the corn field is greatly increased if you save the "shucks," so we have our silos where the whole output is canned, even as the housekeeper cans her berries, that the superfluity of summer may serve the needs of the winter, in the barnyard.

I like the piety of the great Parsi lawgiver, Zoroaster. He asks Ahura-Mazda, "Where are the spots most acceptable to the Most High?" and the answers, one, two, three, four, run along the line of common things, the everyday sanctities of Nature. The first most sacred place to Ahura-Mazda is said to be where the father offers fitting oblation to the Most High; the second place, is where he builds a house wherein to rear his children; the third, is where he turns the sod and plants the seed, drains the wet ground and waters the dry ground, and the fourth place is where the cattle deposit most manure for the fertilizing of the field,—anticipating the piety of the agricultural colleges. The professors of the soil say "Amen" to the piety of old Zoroaster, who put religious emphasis and sacred value upon the manure of the barnyard.

So the sermon of the dust lands us somewhere in the neighborhood of things common, things that belong to everybody. What a reflection upon our piety, what an arraignment of our intelligence, that we should debase the word "vulgar,"—which means "common," things familiar,—to represent only the gross, the impure.

I look for a time when our physicians, after learning all the lessons of the microscope, all about those deadly things that so scare us, will be as anxious and as skillful in interpreting to us the benign microbes, the heavenly bacilli. They will then introduce us to the life-saving element in dirt. They will teach us to save the sewage of the city to make fertile country fields, increasing thereby the resources of life and at the same time purifying the foul places of earth.

When it came to the celebration of the seventy-fifth birthday of Victor Hugo, there was a great fete day arranged for in Basancon, his native place, way down there on the margin of Spain. The wise, the learned and the loving throughout France were invited to join in the celebration, which was to culminate in placing a marble tablet on the humble home wherein Victor Hugo was born seventy-five years before. Decrepitude prevented the great bard and lover of man from being present, but he wrote them a letter in which he said, with the humility of a prophet and the confidence of a seer, "I am but a pebble on the road over which humanity is to march toward things greater and better." If Victor Hugo was but a pebble, how glad we shall be if in the last analysis we may be found specks of dust in the highway of humanity. The sanctity of this highway is made effective and beautiful by the human dust that enters into it.

The old Romans were great roadmakers. Their roads are still the admiration and sometimes the envy of modern engineers; the Appian Way is still an object lesson and a study to them. I believe that after all these centuries a part of it is still used, but it has become broken and irregular. The best those Romans knew of roadmaking was to construct it of as massive blocks of stone as they could handle, the bigger the blocks the better. But those big blocks of granite were difficult to place, and in the centuries they do not stay "put," they get out of level and break up the road they were meant to make.

A little over a hundred years ago a canny Scotchman, who was superintendent of streets in the city of Bristol, England, struck a principle in roadmaking that rendered obsolete for all time the method of the ancient Roman engineers. He discovered that the best material for roadmaking is not the big, pretentious blocks of granite, but a multitude of small stone. In his material for a road he would accept nothing that would not pass through a ring an inch and a half in diameter. It is a reflection upon our civics, as well as upon our piety, that the name of that man has passed almost out of significance as a proper noun. It no longer suggests a man. Indeed thousands of grown people and more children regard it as but a name to represent a road-facing material. We have made a verb out of it, we know what it is to "macadamize" a road, and we buy "macadam" by the ton and spell it with a small "m," but MacAdam was a man, MacAdam was a prophetic engineer, MacAdam discovered the great principle upon which roads were to be made permanent; and the roads which have been made on that principle constitute the pride of Europe and the aspiration of the United States; and the lack of them, the disgrace and inconvenience and poverty of the State of Illinois.

Now, there is a connection between the lesson of MacAdam and the religious significance of dust; the spiritual value of dirt, just plain, common, human dirt. The old theology, the old churches, were builded of big blocks. An effort was made to construct a theology out of a few great revelation texts that were placed two thousand years and more ago. "The Fathers" tried to construct a road to heaven made out of aristocratic blocks of saints, sages, heroes and martyrs. Such human blocks are rare in the first place; they are difficult to handle in the second place, and very often they do not stay "put" after that. If we are to win the celestial realms, as a people we must give more attention to the construction of a great highway built out of small stones, the pebbles, the human dust of society that is so plenty, so common, so winning and winsome when we study it.

Theodore Parker calls attention in one of his great Nature sermons to the interesting fact that the New Englanders, descendants of the Puritan, are especially partial to the lilac, the primrose, the sunflower and the marigold, because they were flowers that came over from England, may be in the Mayflower. All honor to

the Puritan who sees beauty in the lilac and the primrose, the sunflower and the marigold. Theodore Parker himself cherished the marigold as his favorite flower, but he called the attention of these Puritan descendants to the fact that there was waiting for them within the boundaries of the then untamed borders of Massachusetts, the pitcher plant, the lady-slipper, the fringed gentian and the rhodora; flowers still beautiful and having place right along with the Puritan favorites, the lilac, the marigold and the rest of them.

And so the gospel of the dust is the gospel of things familiar. Professor Lesley compared the modern city to a gravel bank of humanity. The snobbish aristocrat may resent this as a reproach, but the scientist recognizes it as the highest compliment that can be paid to a city; if it is indeed a gravel bank, then it has gathered within its limits things most ancient and things most permanent. It embodies in its constituency material that will lend itself to the noblest spiritual architecture, as the gravel bank is becoming more and more an indispensable factor in the material architecture of every city. The age of the big blocks is gone, or going; the importance of the quarry in the economic world is passing. Now the builder says, "Give me gravel, sand, water and cement (which is burnt limestone under certain conditions) and I will build you a skyscraper that will be one monolith from basement to highest story." It is cement architecture that is coming in this new age, reinforced indeed, not by mighty cords of iron, but by many smaller cords, well placed and skillfully adjusted. I accept Professor Lesley's suggestion as an indication of the hopefulness of the modern city. If, indeed, it is a gravel bank, it is material out of which a noble, spiritual temple may be built. So let us take hold of this gospel of the dustpan. Dirt, in the housewife's sense, has been defined as matter out of place. Well, if it is matter, it is stuff to be respected, to be used with economy, and to be worked into ever nobler and higher possibilities.

To come back again to the modesty taught by the gospel of the dust. Balfour Stewart, the great English scientist, tells us that the law of physics assumes the molecule; it has to work from the molecule up, and so far the molecule has served the needs of science; but he says that were a drop of water magnified to the size of the earth's globe, eight thousand miles or so in diameter, the molecules in that drop of water would then appear only at a size varying from a shot to a cricket ball.

Oh, I like these small things. I like to realize that the microscope throws open wide the gates of awe as surely as the telescope. We are landed upon our knees in the presence of a divine potency in the chambers of littleness as surely as in the chambers of immensity. There is no merit in size, no glory in bigness. The story of life on this globe is the story of Nature trying to reduce the size of molecules, to eliminate the clumsy, to develop the alert, to kill off the mammoths and to breed instead the agile and dextrous biped with its free arms, to serve wit and not might. Muscle is valuable in proportion as it is amenable to wit.

What is true of individuals is eternally true of nations if they will only learn the lesson. Shame on the nation that in the twentieth century of the Christian era, a generation after the revelations of Charles Darwin,—who glorified the earthworm as the first agriculturist,—shame, I say, on that nation that would still measure its strength by the number of its cannon, that would trust its destiny to the rotting hulks of battleships, that would insult the gospel it professes by submitting live men and living tissues to the brute force that Nature has been eliminating through unnumbered cycles of life and time.

The gospel of the dust! Gospel indeed; Dust comes to us not as the primal stuff; it has passed through the laboratories of Nature, we know not how many times, it has been worked over and over, and is ready for more processes of creative life. The world of stuff is working toward the ethereal, the invisible, or at least, the intangible forces of Nature.

The old superstition talked of "precious metals" and thought of gold and silver. The modern talks of precious stones and thinks of diamonds and the other gems, the names of which I cannot recall, I am so much a stranger to them. But the new science knows that not gold nor yet silver, but iron is the precious metal of civilization. Indeed, it may some day be retired in the interest of aluminum or some other metal more useful and more submissive to the hand of science. Sir Thomas More, the martyr to science and faith, in his "Utopia" tells how children were given diamonds, necklaces and jewels to play with in Utopia, because it pleased their childish fancies, but as they grew into womanhood and manhood they laid aside these trinkets as being appropriate only to the early age. The children in "Utopia" were as anxious to outgrow their jewelry as the modern girl is to outgrow her short dress and the boy his knee-pants, because they are badges of immaturity, measures of ignorance. How we need that lesson today! How idle is our reverence for gold, possibly based on the superstition that it must be the God metal, because it takes the color of the sun. How childish, how weak, how impious is the greed for ornamentation that costs so many millions of human lives in its acquiring, the sacrifice of eyesight and lung strength in the polishing and grinding, etc. What for? To gratify the childish pride of childish men and women; to perpetuate the barbaric lust for fuss and feathers.

All these things I read between the lines of my text that tells me man was made out of the dust of the earth; but what a splendid foundation it is?

I am willing to stay right close to Nature, to matter. I am willing to face the goblin of the preachers, "materialism," the materialism of the Godless world they talk about. There is a materialism that is impious, there is an irreligious materialism, that which finds embodiment in the thirst of the drunkard and the craving of the glutton; that which we find distorting the ideals of the miser; blinding the eyes of men and women to this world-beautiful; stopping their ears to the music of the spheres and the message of the seas. That is a materialism to be dreaded; coarse, impious, degrading materialism.

But for me, I am willing to sit as in the presence of the altars of religion, beside the man who will tell me what he sees at the other end of the tube in the observatory; I am willing to walk with unsandaled feet in the laboratory with the man at the microscope if he will only give to me one more phrase of the unfailing revelation of the infinite that comes through his lens. I had rather feel that not only the rose and the corn is the refinement of the muck, but that I myself and the women I love and the children I covet the fel-

lowship of, are the higher blossoms on the tree of things which for want of another name you may, if you will, call material.

In my next discourse I will try to find the sermon of the "Air," and to see what meaning there is in the next clause of my text, "And he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life."

I am willing to take man in his avoirdupois; I am willing to try and read the history of our marvelous mechanism and to confess the sanctity of the same. I bemoan the impiety and the blindness that would discount the reality of this body, home of my spirit, which was conferred upon me ready made, the reality of which is witnessed by the law of gravitation; the reality of which is verified by the accumulated experience of all the centuries. Am I, in the name of a piety that is cowardly, to turn my back on the experiences and the revelations and the teachings of those who tell me that my blood runs through a system akin to the water system of this city, and that the engine at the center must needs be guarded in the one system as well as the other from interference and from neglect?

No, I believe in matter, and I do not believe in a God that would fool me about my body. No, he demonstrates to me by all the instrumentalities of science that I have a body, and I have blood, and I have a stomach, and I have a liver—at least they will find them if they dissect me after I am dead; that will be too late for me to use them rightly, so I am going to care for them now; I am going to use them in the name of the God of the Universe. I believe in matter. I have a body, thank God, and if there is a spirit that is to rise superior and extend beyond this organism, it will be through the nourishment and consent of this avoirdupois, a hundred and sixty pounds of it—or a little less.

Oh, let us take the religious lesson of the dust into our hearts.

My time is up, but I want to tell you what interested me the other day going up to talk to a thousand schoolma'ams at Freeport, a great audience that. On the way I noticed a little field hardly more than a garden patch, out on the Illinois Central, rimmed around with what seemed from the car window to be a golden fence, a flaming, golden fence, and I watched with wonder to see what that new fencing could be. As we approached it I discovered that every board in this rail fence or wire was festooned with golden ears of corn, the husks of which were woven together, just as my father used to fix the seed corn ears that he hung under the porch of the old log house. Here was a man who had sagacity, forethought and faith enough to convert his corn crop into seed corn, and to arrange it with due care, providing against frost and wet. He had festooned the fence all around with one, two or three rows of golden ears. That man may not have seen further than the economic argument. Corn, even in these high times, will bring only about sixty or sixty-five cents a bushel if sold for pig feed; but as seed corn, taken care of, if a man's sagacity is equal to his courage and foresight, next spring will bring two, three, perhaps four dollars a bushel as guaranteed seed corn. Now, that is the kind of materialism which I think is religious. Here is a man who is going into partnership with Nature, a man that begins where Nature leaves off, and improves on it.

I glory in the "God of the granite and the rose" of whom I read in my opening poem. Yes, I believe in the God of the granite and the rose; but that granite stopped short of human needs until it was converted into clay, and that clay was not equal to its highest business until it was converted into corn; and that corn is worth conserving so that there will be more and better corn next year.

"God of the granite and the rose." Yes, the rose, but the rose God made has only one whorl of petals, it is a "single rose," that is the best God could do, or at least the best He has done unaided. But man comes along and begins on the rosebush where God left off, and the divine through the human has made this rose fuller, more fragrant and more beautiful. "The God of the granite" has left the earth hard, angular, a crude world for us; but God through man begins on the granite and makes of it the orchard, the palace, the temple; the home which is to enlarge until it encircles the world, thus enlarging our sense of nobility. How this thought of holy dust, sacred dirt, inspires to loyalty; how it cheapens our "lords," "dukes" and "princes," the credentials of whom we are so proud, reaching back to our grandfathers and our grandmothers! Oh, did you have a great, great grandfather who served in the Revolutionary War? Are you a "D. A. R.?" And is that your chief credential to political esteem? Yes. But you have seven other great-grandfathers, and there is no telling what they might have been. One of them might have been a Tory, another a traitor, another a highwayman.

No, your credentials to nobility rest not in an exceptional pedigree that claims descent from some heaven-born or heaven-commissioned specialist; but it rests on the broad law of biology, founded deep in the cosmic order that has placed us on the advanced lines of life on earth,—the topmost limb of the tree of evolution. Better a thousand times be an ascended and glorified worm than a descended and degenerate angel. The Gospel of the Dust is the gospel of hope, the measureless past promises a measureless future.

I do not like to deal in personalities; but it is but just to you to speak when it is our privilege to share, as we do today, our hospitalities with one who renders the credentials of the "duchesses," "marquises" and "princes" of Europe cheap, commonplace and intrusive. One is our guest today whose life has been made sublime by virtue of her faith in the power of love, and in her determination to work for that condition of life that will help Nature to retire the beasts of prey; to remove from the human the fang, the claw and the horn, which belonged to the outgrown races. Such an one is the Baroness von Suttner, she who wrote the Uncle Tom's Cabin peace book; and from such a one it will be your privilege to receive a message two weeks from today. We call her Baroness, a title which is hers by descent and by affiliation. It was a case of nobility marrying nobility when the Baroness was wed. But not on this artificial, superficial, and altogether transient, and oftentimes insignificant claim of aristocracy do we honor her. Her message is the message of democracy, her appeal is for humanity. Her significant and permanent title to nobility lies in the fact that she has carried the burdens of the lowly; made herself the sister, protector and mother-superior of the pitiful victims of war and the cruelties connected therewith.

The gospel of the dust is the gospel not only of brotherhood but of peace, and the ultimate argument for disarmament rests not in the figures of the economist but in the tears of the bereaved, the sleepless nights of anxious mothers, wives and sisters.

"And God formed man out of the dust of the earth," hence the common brotherhood, the cosmopolitan ties, the international bond.

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**Father, touch us with a new sense of the reality of things, the sanctity of life, the pressing nearness of Thy presence. May we go forth to live as those who habitually abide in the Temple of the Most High. Amen.**

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## Amherst's New President

In a remarkably well written article by H. A. B. in the *Christian World* an account is given of the induction into office of President Alexander Meiklejohn of Amherst College. The writer sketches an imposing picture of the great gathering, including sixty-one college presidents, the more than sixty members of the faculty, and, "in the body of the house the six hundred under-graduates, vigilant observers of the man who was being made their president, and congratulating themselves that such a remarkable academic function was taking place in the midst of their own college years."

We should be glad to quote the article in full, but must content ourselves with an excerpt descriptive of the personality of the new president.

What did the 2,000 eyes there present see as they were fixed upon the man who "passed so self-contained and modest through the exercises of the morning?"

"A slight soldierly figure, whose erect carriage conveys the impression that he is taller than he really is, a beardless, boyish, spectacled face, through which look eyes as searching as they are kind, a manner which blends in a rare way alertness and serenity. Nimble-minded, quickly moving, a lithe, trained athlete charged to the full with nervous energy is this man Meiklejohn. But that is the American side of him. The Scotch background comes out in the power he has to hold himself quietly, to bring to bear without "fuss or feathers" all the powers of a disciplined mind upon the thing immediately at hand, whether it be a bright after-dinner speech, or the conducting of morning chapel or the wayside chat with a friend or stranger. Indeed, you get the best measures of the man perhaps when he takes your hand in his and seems genuinely glad to see you, even if he never heard of you before, and for the passing moment, at least, concentrates interest and sympathy upon you and you alone.

"His bearing helped us all to understand what President Faunce, his superior officer and his friend at Brown, meant when, later in the day, he said: 'For eleven years he and I have worked at the same task in adjoining rooms. Many times a day I have heard his quiet knock on the door between us, and he has walked through that door—never once without a cheery smile, a word of hope and a grip on reality that made life better worth living. He is a man incapable of selfishness, absolutely loyal to a friend or a truth, and is at his best when the sky grows dark and obstacles abound.'

"Dr. Meiklejohn outlined the curriculum of a liberal college, which undoubtedly represents his ideals for Amherst, and which is built on five foundation stones—philosophy, the humanities, science, history and literature. Clearly enough the new man at the helm believes that Amherst should continue to be the college for liberal rather than special culture, and comes to his post at a time when that conception has been given national prominence by the widely discussed propositions put forth two years ago by the class of 1885. He may not accept every item of that particular plan, for he has his own program and his own ways of realizing it. But it looks as if Amherst were in for an era when president and teachers will strive even more earnestly than ever before to make their pupils real students and upon the development of the studious powers, and not upon the by-products of college life.

"As I take these symbols of office I accept the responsibility laid upon me and pledge myself and my colleagues to eager, reverent and untiring service for Amherst College.' In these few strong words Alexander Meiklejohn, responding to President George A. Plimpton of the board of trustees, accepted last week Wednesday morning the insignia of his new office and formally assumed the headship of an institution whose graduates for nearly a century now have done yeoman's service in various parts of the world."

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### QUOMODO

What mean these long-drawn sufferings of men?
Wherefore these broken bodies of the world,
And why these mental strivings through which soul
Asserts itself? Do these dim findings
And these moving boundaries repay
The energy expended among men
Locating clearer fastenings a-bind to God?
Where does our labor end? With toil or pence
Delivered on the borrowed threshold
Of a temporary transit? Yours? or mine?
Do we who bend the body lift the soul,
Or vice versa? Do these hands of ours,
Which callous and grow hard upon the things
Subservient to our need and generation,
Caress or make afraid?

Who then shall say the transcript in a tongue
Which men shall know? Will some messiah-tone
Rift this material bond and set us free,
Or like the voice of many waters
Sweep through the gates of piled-up memory
At flood-tide, after years of ebb and flow?
Shall rush of wind tear all the lattice down
And shake with mighty power the things that be,
Or some strong, gentle hand remove withal,
Till glare of sun bewilder? Whose caress
And still small voice shall speak to me anon
And I remember and not be afraid,
With star-dawn or the glory of the living sun
To greet me and to call me by my name?

Unity Manse,
Humboldt, Iowa. —*Harriet Lake-Burch.*

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## Neglect of Religious Education

We are reminded how close akin we are to "all the world" when we find the same religious and social questions engaging the thoughtful leaders of education in the Orient and the Occident. Much has been said and written in our own country about the secularizing of our schools, and the threatened danger that the masses of our children will pass through the formative stages of boyhood and girlhood without receiving the definite moral and religious instruction necessary to influence character. We find in *The Indian Messenger*, Calcutta, an editorial on "Religious Education of Our Boys and Girls," in which regret is expressed that the children growing up in the Brahma Samaj faith are not having the same kind of careful home and school training and instruction as is the invariable custom among the *orthodox* Hindus. Regarding the young men the writer asks: "Do we care for a growing soul and put him under discipline as a Brahman father of a generation back would do with regard to his son after *Upanayan?*" Most Brahmo parents, he says, do not seem to be very particular about the religious education and observances of their children. He says further: "The rationalism of many a Brahmo has taken the shape of a revolt against all forms, whereas it ought to have been kept within bounds and directed against inadequate forms only.

Where theory breeds apathy, practice must fall off. Yet without providing discipline for our boys and girls we cannot hope to counteract the baneful materialistic influence of the West brought to our doors. Success in life has, nowadays, come to mean money making and living in comforts that money can buy. The very atmosphere is surcharged with secularism. Even the so-called orthodox Hindu homes, where English education has spread, have lost their long established religious disciplines. Boys coming from them to school betray in their conversation and conduct that they have grown without any healthy influence.

"Our young girls labor under the disadvantage of being removed early in life from the influence of home life to boarding establishments in the interest of their education. As matters now stand, Brahmo parents of the mofasil have no other choice left them. Therefore, it is all the more necessary that our boarding institutions are wisely managed—that due provisions for religious instruction and disciplines are made in them. No care will be too much to bestow on the future mothers of the community. The woman is the reservoir, as it were, of the religious sentiment in the home. If Brahmoism is to be the religion of our hearth and home, we must see that woman's affections entwine round its ideas, ideals and practices. Once she has imbibed its ideas and ideals and taken to its practices she will not easily let them slip out of her hands. In her persistency and power of conservation lies our safety. With all her education and emancipation she will be a poor helpmate, if she is left without the rudder and compass of a truly Brahmo life. We can neglect her religious education only at our peril."

So entirely applicable is all of this to our own situation that we should need only to change the Indian names to "Christian" and "American" to mistake the article for an earnest protest, appeal and warning against the too universal apathy of parents and teachers about the spiritual culture of the young in our own country. M. G. W.

## YESTERDAY

Where runs the road to Yesterday,
  Does nobody, nobody know?
It can't be far, for I traveled it
  When the sun was sinking low.

All of you journeyed the self-same path—
  Will nobody, nobody tell?
Is it by the rocks or over the hills,
  Or where the white tides swell?

It must be near, for I only turned
  A corner and entered the night,
And I slept not long, for my heart was sore
  For a glimpse of the backward light.

But, oh, somehow I have lost the trail—
  The foot-worn trail that pilgrims made
Journeying up from the Wonderland
  Facing the east and unafraid.

But I must go back, go back, you see;
  (Will nobody show me the way?)
For I've left my heart and my hope behind
  In the land of Yesterday.

But how may I know the grass-grown path,
  Where glimmers the mystical line?
I scan the far horizon's hem
  In quest of a hidden sign—

But never a guide post points the way
  And never a milestone shows,
And nobody walks the forgotten track,
  For nobody, nobody knows.

—*Sara Beaumont Kennedy.*

*The Royal Arcanum* calls attention to some "timely health hints," suggested by Dr. W. P. MacCracken, State Medical Supervisor, which it seems to us quite worth while to disseminate:

To prevent colds—

Breathe slowly and deeply.

Keep the office or work room well ventilated. Don't shut the doors and windows just because it is a little cool.

Avoid sitting or working in strong direct drafts.

Don't get overheated. More colds are due to overheating than freezing.

Don't bundle up the throat. That makes it tender and more susceptible.

Bathe the body in cold water from the tap each morning on rising. Three minutes will suffice and may save days and weeks.

Dress according to the exercise you get at your work. If an office, lightly and put on a heavy coat on going out.

Take some good vigorous exercise each day and don't forget to breathe deeply.

The cold bath should be taken with a sponge or the hand dipped in water from the tap and rubbed over the arms, throat and trunk of the body quickly. Then dry with coarse bath towel. If you don't react well at first, add a little salt to the water.

Sleep with your windows open.

Don't forget fresh air and sunshine are the best disease preventatives we have.

## THE LEAST OF THESE

"Dago" and "Sheeney" and "Chink,"
  "Greaser" and "Nigger" and "Jap"—
The devil invented these terms, I think,
  To hurl at each hopeful chap
Who comes so far from over the foam
  To this land of his heart's desire
To rear his brood, to build his home,
  And to kindle his hearthstone fire.
While the eyes with joy are blurred,
  Lo! we make the strong man sink
And stab the soul with a hateful word,
  "Dago" and "Sheeney" and "Chink."

"Dago" and "Sheeney" and "Chink"—
  These are the vipers that swarm
Up from the edge of Perdition's brink
  To hurt and dishearten and harm.
O shame, when their Roman forbears walked
  Where the first of the Cæsars trod!
O shame, when their Hebrew fathers talked
  With Moses and with God!
The swarthy sons of Japheth and Shem
  Gave the goblet of life's sweet drink
To the thirsty world which now gives them
  "Dago" and "Sheeney" and "Chink."

"Dago" and "Sheeney" and "Chink,"
  "Greaser" and "Nigger" and "Jap"—
From none of them doth Jehovah shrink;
  He lifteth them all to His lap.
And the Christ in His kindly grace,
  When their low, sad sob he hears,
Puts his tender embrace around our race
  As he kisses away its tears,
Saying: "O least of these, I link
  Thee to me for whatever may hap,
'Dago' and 'Sheeney' and 'Chink,'
  'Greaser' and 'Nigger' and 'Jap.'"

—*Bishop McIntire in the Methodist Review.*

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# THE FIELD

*"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."*

## WISCONSIN BAPTISTS AT BERLIN

At the recent state convention of the Baptists of Wisconsin at Berlin an evening program was devoted to *Social Service*, when the report of the Social Service Committee was presented, followed by addresses and discussion. We quote from the *Standard* of October 19.

"The first address was by Dr. S. Z. Batten, who is just leaving Des Moines College to become the secretary of the Social Service Commission. The frequent applause which interrupted the speaker proved that Wisconsin Baptists are in full sympathy with the social emphasis of present-day religion. Doctor Batten spoke of three lines of activity in social service. The first is relief. Upon this he did not dwell, except to say that there can be no Christianity without philanthropy. The second is prevention. We must get at causes. It is a delusion to speak of a criminal class. Somewhere that bit of human stuff has been mishandled. As Hugo said, human society stands in the dock by the side of every prisoner. If it is a Christian act to visit the criminal in jail, it is equally Christian, and more, to smash the boy-traps and girl-traps which produce criminals. Your boy is not safe until every father's boy is safe. Sickness also has social causes. Disease has its origin mostly in dirt, and is therefore a community crime. If it is a Christian act to equip a hospital, it is equally Christian to clean up the back alleys, and demand sanitary houses. We are going to visit the hungry, and see to it that every man has a fair chance to earn his daily bread. The third line of Christian social activity is to present and work for an ideal of human society which is not less than a righteous society on earth. No amount of the grace of God will enable a man to live without a certain number of cubic feet of pure oxygen. We must secure for every life the full conditions for a normal, worthy existence, and if conditions are wrong, we must change the conditions. The Lord's Prayer puts bread before forgiveness of sins. To open a rescue mission is a beautiful, but almost a hopeless task. We have construed the gospel almost wholly in terms of rescue, but a greater miracle of grace is to see a life growing up sweet and pure from the beginning. The great servants of the church were trained at the family altar, not at the swine trough.

Social service aids all other Christian activity. When it strikes a blow at unrighteousness here in America, it helps the missionary on the foreign field. It is a Christian thing to preach the gospel, but it is equally Christian to cast out the devils from our communities."

It was an unusually effective presentation of truth, and Doctor Batten is sure to make himself felt in his new field."

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Under the protectorate of the German Empress, a committee has been formed in Berlin for the study of malaria in Palestine, and a scientific expedition is to be sent to that country in connection therewith. The committee has also entered into relations with the Zionist organization, and the expedition will be accompanied by a Zionist doctor. It may be added that Mr. Nathan Straus of New York has already given a considerable sum for the establishment of a Jewish institute to combat that disease in Palestine.—Jewish Spectator.

## HOWE MEMORIAL DEDICATED

Julia Ward Howe's portrait, a memorial from the citizens of Boston in appreciation of her distinguished service and long, eventful life, was dedicated recently. In the Council Chamber, the scene of many inspiring events in the history of American independence, it will be hung, in company with those of other eminent men and women devoted, like herself, to the ideals of freedom, justice and a world-embracing sympathy.

On an easel the portrait rested and around it gathered a company representing State and city, old personal friends of anti-slavery days, educators who have received inspiration from the life of her famous husband, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, and others.

Grenville H. Norcross, president of the Bostonian Society, through whose courtesy the portrait is to be hung in the historic building, presided, and several brief addresses made up the program. Rev. Charles W. Wendte, D. D., secretary of the memorial committee, told of the undertaking consummated today, which had its inception three years ago.

"The contributions," Mr. Wendte said, "have been large and small, representing a large and varied constituency, as was to be expected in recognition of one whose personal interests and services were so cosmopolitan and widely bestowed.

"Special attention should, however, be drawn to the contributions of the Pan-Hellenic Society, Cercolo Italiana, and the New England Women's Club, made up of many modest gifts, and representing causes especially dear to the heart of our illustrious friend. To Miss Margaret Anglin the success of our financial appeal is in no small degree owing, and it is deemed by the committee an especially happy feature that her histrionic endeavors in this case should have been associated with the artistic rendition of a classical play written by Mrs. Howe in her younger days.

"The choice of an artist to paint the portrait was in this case made easy and appropriate by the selection of John Elliott, a son-in-law of Mrs. Howe and an artist of celebrity both in this country and abroad. He has put heart as well as conscience and skill into his work. The committee has been fortunate in the sympathy and co-operation of the children of Mrs. Howe, and it is an especial pleasure to welcome them at the unveiling of the picture. Mr. Howe's son, Professor Henry M. Howe, wrote: 'It will be a great gratification and source of pride to her children and grandchildren that her portrait is to be preserved in these dignified and worthy surroundings, and that it is the handiwork of one so near and dear to her and to us. We are most sensible of the goodness of the committee in charging themselves with this chivalrous work, and on her account and for ourselves we thank them from the bottom of our hearts.'"

Edward A. Church, treasurer of the committee and one of Mrs. Howe's friends, reported the actual receipts and expenditures of the memorial funds, and Mr. Wendte then made the formal presentation of the portrait on behalf of the people. Miss Rosalind Richards, a grandchild of Mrs. Howe, drew the flag from the canvas and the beautiful portrait was revealed. Edwin D. Mead accepted it for the Bostonian Society.

Hon. John D. Long said in the course of his impressive tribute: "It is fitting that in this council chamber, sacred to men and Boston alike, should rest the portrait of Julia Ward Howe. She was the most distinguished woman within our borders and her life scanned the most cultured period of New England. She was in sympathy with the highest ideals. She had the refinement, grace, elegance, womanly charm and the poetic spirit. She was the highpriestess of humanity. The 'Battle Hymn of the Republic' will stir the youth on to patriotism as long as the republic endures."

Frank B. Sanborn, the last of the

transcendentalists, spoke with deep affection of Dr. Howe as well as his gifted wife and of the happy union of those two remarkable personalities. He said there can be no oblivion for them.

Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead spoke the final word of tribute, which was regarding Mrs. Howe's influence which led to the women's club movement and of her intense interest in the cause of universal peace.

A pleasing feature of the program was the singing of 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' by Miss Rosetta Key, in which the company, led by Courtenay Guild, joined. The accompaniment was played by Mr. Wendte on the little old organ, now one of the treasures of this priceless collection of antiquities, on which Oliver Holden composed "Coronation" at his home in Charlestown.—*Boston Transcript.*

## WILL THE COLOR LINE SO EASILY DISAPPEAR?

This question is asked in a recent number of the *Indian Messenger,* Calcutta, suggested by the following from the London correspondent of *The Times of India*:

"Mr. Gokhale has quietly fought out a victory against racial prejudice during his present visit to this country. He booked his passage to South Africa for a berth in a first-class cabin on one of the Union Castle liners through Messrs. T. Cook & Son. When the order was telephoned to the Union Castle office the question, 'What nationality?' was asked, and when it was stated that the customer was an Indian gentleman it was intimated that he must pay for the whole cabin (a full fare and a half), since there might be no European passenger willing to share the apartment with him. When Mr. Gokhale was informed of this demand, he refused on the grounds of principle to meet it, claiming the right to pay only for the accommodation he required and not for a berth he would not be occupying. The demand of the company was firmly adhered to for some days, but after Mr. Gokhale had talked the matter over with the chairman, Sir Owen Phillips, he gained his point. I am told that this is not the first time this awkward question has arisen, and that, in one or two cases, Parsis crossing the Atlantic, after ineffectual protest, have given way and paid the extra fare for the empty berth. Mr. Gokhale has succeeded in breaking down an unfair racial differentiation, and the precedent of his case will render it difficult for shipping companies to claim such exactions in the future. We do not think the matter is so easy of solution. Unless pressure is put upon the shipping companies by the home government for the removal of this disability, invidious distinctions will continue to be made in case of the generality of Indian passengers, the company bearing the loss in case of a Gokhale or a Agha Khan to avoid publicity and pin-pricks.

## THE CHILD'S RIGHTS

This is what I plead for—that every child born into the world has the right, not only to such care as the father and mother can give it, but every child has the right to the care of the fatherhood and motherhood of the community. We need another poem like Mrs. Browning's to voice the new cry of the children. That cry does not come from the factory chiefly; it comes from the cradle, from the mother's arms. It is there that the problem lies.

When a famous doctor in New York examined 600 children in a hospital he found that twenty-two had failed to be well born. But these 600 children were now maimed owing to the effects of rickets and other forms of preventable infantile disorders. It is when we recognize this that we see what our problem is. It is to care for these children when they are born into the world. There must be a new set of principles in regard to the possibilities of home life.

But there is something deeper than that. A child is the offspring of his parents directly, and he shares in the life of the group, but that is not all. The biologist does not settle the deeper question, Where does the child's soul come from? We are sons of men, but we are also sons of God. There is a divine creation in every child who comes into the world, and he is realizing himself anew in all generations, in spite of our sins and faults and mistakes. It would not be so if the biologists were right or the old-fashioned Calvinists were right. By an attempt to put the sin on the race we drive mankind like the scapegoat, into the wilderness to perish. But we are children of the living God; we are not simply animals of the earth, earthy, and we feel that we belong to the eternities.—*Dr. Samuel G. Smith in The Advance,* October 10.

## SOME SINGULAR PLURALS

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes;
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese;
You may find a lone mouse or a whole lot of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow, if repeated, is never called bine.
And the plural of vow is vows, not vine.
And if I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and the whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
Then one may be that, and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose.
And the plural of rat is rats, not rose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

—*San Francisco Call.*


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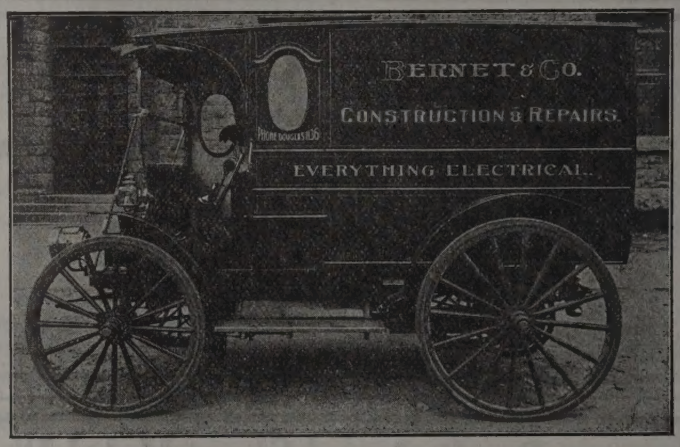


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